THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 29, 1800.

SINGULAR FEMALE CHARACTER.

WHILST S—— and myſelf (ſays the Rev. Mr. Warner, in his very pleaſing publication, entitled "A Walk through ſome of the Weſtern Counties of England,") were chatting over our tea, at the Shoulder of Mutton Inn, in the village of Powlett, in Somerſet, we heard a horſe and cart at the door, and ſoon diſcovered a "thing of ſhreds and tatters," intended for a *cart*, and drawn by a ſmall poney, not much larger than a ſtout Newfoundland dog. In the centre of this machine ſat a female figure, brawny but ſhort, who ſeemed to have weathered nearly ſixty winters. She was recounting to a man who ſtood by, the labours of her little mare, which had dragged her loaded car twelve miles to market in the morning, and brought it ſafely the ſame diſtance through the moor in the evening, when ſhe herſelf could not diſcern the road. As there appeared to be no reſerve on the part of the lady, S—— aſked her ſome queſtions relative to her hiſtory, ſituation, and manner of life, to which ſhe readily gave anſwers to the following effect:—

That ſhe was a native of Huntſpill, in the northern part of Somerſetſhire, where ſhe had always reſided, but being the fruit of an illicit commerce, had come into the world under rather unfortunate circumſtances. Born in the poor-houſe there, ſhe continued for ſome time the property of no particular perſon, but a ſort of fixture or heir-loom, that deſcended from one maſter to another, without enquiry or

regard. The education of a village workhouſe, you know, is not very liberal or extenſive; you will not be ſurpriſed, therefore, that Johanna Martin (for that is her name) left it for ſervice at the age of twelve, with a mind as uncultivated as her body was ſcantily clothed—the former a perfect blank, the latter with a wardrobe conſiſting of one ragged gown. The term of her ſervitude being expired, Johanna married a labourer, and ſettled in life. Unluckily (as ſhe expreſſed herſelf) *ſhe took terribly to breeding*, and in the courſe of ſeven years preſented her huſband with as many children. Two of them, however, died in their infancy; but while ſhe was big with an eighth, it pleaſed Providence to take her huſband from her. Shortly after his death ſhe became once more a mother, and found herſelf a widow with ſix infants, and not a ſhilling in the world to feed them with. In this dilemma Johanna applied for relief to the officers of the pariſh, but "they relieved no out-paupers, though they had no objection to receive the children into the poor-houſe." Johanna had herſelf experienced the *comforts* of this manſion, and was not prejudiced enough in its favour to truſt her offspring there; ſhe therefore declined the offer, and determined to depend upon nothing but Providence and her own activity for the ſupport of her numerous family. But no common exertion was ſufficient for this. "For many a long month, gentlemen," ſaid ſhe, "have I riſen daily at two o'clock in the morning, done what was needful for the children, gone eight and ten miles on foot to a market with a large baſket of pottery-ware on my head, ſold it, and returned again with the profits before noon." By this more than horſe-like labour, Johanna, in the courſe of a twelvemonth, amaſſed the ſum of one guinea and a half; when, being under the neceſſity of quitting her cottage, ſhe reſolved to build an houſe for herſelf. But though a *famous architect*, and a very good *workman*, the undertaking was too great for her individual labour; ſhe therefore hired a man of the place to aſſiſt in the building, and to work they went.

You will hardly ſuppoſe that Johanna's riches were ſo great as to form an object of plunder; but nothing is beneath the notice of petty villainy; the one pound eleven ſhillings and ſixpence were yet untouched, being reſerved to defray the expences of building. Her treacherous coadjutor had marked the ſpot in which the treaſure, carefully wrapped up in a rag, had been depoſited; and one fatal morning, when the unſuſpecting Johanna was gone to a diſtant market,

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the villain ſeized the little depoſit, and decamped, taking with him at the ſame time a few planks which had been provided for the intended building.

Can you conceive a diſappointment more ſevere than that which the poor widow muſt have experienced on returning to her plundered dwelling? Or picture to yourſelf a ſituation more likely to have produced the gloom and liſtleſſneſs of deſpair? But our heroine's mind was above the reach of fortune, and ſuperior to the attacks of caſualty. "To be ſure," ſaid ſhe "I did curſe the raſcal that robbed me, a little; but knowing that fretting would not bring the money back again, I wouldn't waſte tears about the matter. Beſides, I had not leiſure to grieve; the children wanted bread, and I was the only perſon to provide for them. I determined, therefore, to work harder than ever for ſome time, and to let the cottage alone, till I had gotten a little before-hand, and then to finiſh it *myſelf*, that I might not be robbed a ſecond time. To be ſure, the children and I were obliged to ſleep for ſeveral weeks in the ſhell of the tenement, with no other covering (for it was not roofed) than a dew-board;* but 'twas ſummer time, and for the matter of that, we were warm enough, for *all ſix ſlept in one bed.*

"Well, gentlemen," continued ſhe, "with the aſſiſtance of a good God, I was able at laſt to finiſh my cottage, which (though I ſay it myſelf) is a very tight little place; and after ſome time, having ſaved another trifle, I bought the old cart I am now in, and the little poney you ſee, with which (though I only gave half-a-guinea for her) I would not part for the beſt fifty ſhillings that ever were told. I wanted them bad enough, for what with *ſmartiſh work*, and not very good living, I began to find my legs give out; and that I could not walk thirty miles a day now ſo well as I walked them twenty years ago. With theſe however, I am able to carry pottery to the different market-towns round about, and drive a pretty briſkiſh trade. To be ſure I be'nt very rich, but what I have is all of my own getting. I never begged a halfpenny of any ſoul; I brought up my children without the help of the overſeers; I can now live without being obliged to them; I maintain myſelf, and don't care a farthing for the *Pope* or *Keeſer* (Cæſar.)" Saying this, Dame Johanna Martin ſmacked her whip, and drove off, leaving us in admiration of a character equally rare and ex-

* A few temporary planks thrown acroſs the cottage, from wall to wall, to defend them from the *dews of night*.

emplary—a mind unconquerable by diſaſter; a ſpirit which preferred contending with difficulties almoſt unparalleled, rather than to ſubmit to the ſhackles of dependence.

What might not have been expected from a character like this, had its advantages been greater, and its ſphere of action more enlarged? Birth and education might have raiſed Johanna to an equality with the far-famed Semiramis of the ancient world, or the celebrated Catharine of modern times. She might have headed armies, and addreſſed ſenates; have ſcattered ſmiling plenty over diſtant nations, and given equal laws to an hemiſphere. But on the other hand, powerful talents like her's might alſo have been perverted. She might have ruled the kingdoms with a rod of iron; have let looſe the dogs of war o'er half the globe; have raiſed her glory on the deſtruction of her ſubjects; and cemented the fabric of her power with blood and injuſtice. Providence therefore, in its wiſdom, allotted to Johanna a "deſtiny obſcure;" but bade her, even in this ignoble ſtation, not to be without her uſe; exemplifying in her little hiſtory the certain happy conſequences of a pious truſt in and dependence upon the goodneſs of God, ſeconded by invincible perſeverance, and the diligent exertion of thoſe faculties which it has pleaſed our Creator to beſtow upon us.

ON POPULAR VERSATILITY.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

IT is the opinion of all divines and moral writers, that the great events which are every day paſſing before our eyes, the awful viciſſitudes to which nations and individuals have been expoſed, and the many ſad changes and chances of this mortal life which the laſt eight or ten years have produced, ought to call for ſerious thought and conſideration. And ſuch, I confeſs, appears to be the natural tendency of thoſe ſtupendous revolutions we have witneſſed; but, I don't know how it is, another theory and another practice have generally obtained; and if I were aſked why revolutions were attempted, and wars entered into, I ſhould be almoſt inclined to anſwer, that the only uſe of them was, to furniſh intelligence for newſpapers, and converſation for our ſocial tables.

Converſation, as far as *news* are concerned, ſeems now an important article, and may juſtly be ranked among the neceſſaries

neceſſaries of life. War, famine, and peſtilence, the overthrow of governments, and the invaſion of nations, are the ingredients which compoſe this *pabulum*, this bread of life, and we are far more intereſted in the quantity than the quality of its compoſition. The eaſe and indifference with which we diſcuſs the events of a mail, or the contents of a Gazette, the little impreſſion they leave, and the eagerneſs which follows for another and another entertainment of the ſame kind, all conſpire to eſtabliſh the fact, and what paſſes in this world is of no other uſe than to *talk about*.

Battles in former days were probably objects of ſome conſideration, but their frequency has deſtroyed their conſequence. What is common is unvalued. Men talk of a battle, in which ten thouſand have been left on the field, with the eaſe and compoſure they would deſcribe the *review* of as many troops on a holiday: it is merely an article which fills up a certain ſpace in a newſpaper, and a proportionate ſpace in converſation, but its hold upon the the mind and memory is exceedingly weak. It gives place to a boxing match at Barnet, a maſquerade at Brighton, or a duel in Hyde-park between two beings whoſe names were probably never heard of before. The preliminaries of peace are frequently loſt in a treaty of marriage, and a rupture between two powerful ſtates is obliterated by the laſt elopement, or an action for *crim. con.* As much "thought and conſideration" is given to the merits of a new opera, as to the report of a freſh negociation; and the ſale of a villa and the diſmemberment of a kingdom are peruſed with equal gravity.

But it will be ſaid, that the events on the Continent are diſtant; we *hear* only of them; a battle of twenty hours duration is thruſt into a paragraph of twenty lines; brevity checks the feelings; there is nothing ſoft, touching, ſentimental in our Gazettes; they are not written on the plan of ſenſibility; they are matters of fact, and have none of that impreſſive melancholy which is ſo elegantly diffuſed over a novel or a romance. In a word, it is all *hearing*, we *ſee* nothing; and the poet has ſaid,

"*Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,*
"*Quam quæ ſunt oculus ſubjecta fidelibus.*"

There is ſomething in this—ocular demonſtration ſeems neceſſary to excite the feelings of a certain claſs of people. A ſingle dead body in the ſtreets of a perſon murdered by ruffians,

ruffians, or killed by accident, would excite more compaſſion than the mention of the ſuburbs of Iſmail, or the plain of Marengo. But, on the other hand, there is ſome little contradiction here. The writings above alluded to, famed as they are for exciting "the tear of pity," confine their influences moſtly to *paper*. A diſtreſſed object in the ſtreets, a cold ſhivering female, or a houſeleſs orphan, are in general left to the humanity of pariſh-officers. They want that dignity of diſtreſs which the novel-writer knows how to beſtow; they want that "elegant languor, ſpeaking eyes, a certain ſomething that betokens better days, a faint flush on the pallid cheek," and all the drapery and decorations of heroic misfortune. And hence it is that in real life we are ſo little accuſtomed to think "on the ſolitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan."

But if the abſence and diſtance of the affairs of this eventful period be the cauſe why we conſider them as objects of converſation rather than of *thought*, let us look at thoſe circumſtances which are more immediately before our eyes. It is not long ſince the proſpect of famine ſtared us in the face; all the neceſſaries of life advanced to ſo high a price, that they might well be conſidered as luxuries. It might have then been ſuppoſed, that we ſhould be ſeriouſly impreſſed with the contemplation of want and ſcarcity, and that other objects would appear of very inferior importance; that even the events of the war would be leſs intereſting; and that, above all, public and private amuſements would be ſuſpended, or at leaſt viewed as ill-timed and improper.

I declare, Sir, that among a pretty extended circle, and after much obſervation of what was paſſing around me, I ſaw nothing of all this. The ſcarcity and want took their places in *converſation* with other topics, but never were permitted to intrude farther, or attempt to monopolize the *chat* of the day. The price of meat came in for a ſhare, but was not allowed to interfere with the ſhape of a bonnet, or the colour of a ribbon. The ſcarcity of corn was not unnoticed, but it was not allowed to interrupt the liſt of five hundred viſitors at Lady Squander's rout. The long abſence of a mail during the froſt might give more room for the condition of the poor, but it was not allowed to check the progreſs of the French, nor divert our attention from the extreme ſplendour of the laſt new ballet. It is not only neceſſary that converſation ſhould be *full*, but alſo that it ſhould be *various*; and I need not tell any reader of a London newſpaper, how eaſy it is to fill up the interſtices which

which may occaſionally be left, by a Hamburgh mail. In conſequence, therefore, of conſidering the "hardneſs of the times" merely as an object for converſation, we were enabled to preſerve the outward aſpect and features of ſociety, undiſturbed and unruffled. Our workhouſes were full indeed, but ſo were our play-houſes; and diſtreſs was every-where proved to exiſt, but no-where ſeen. As the ſummer advanced, and while the markets of London kept up their high prices, thouſands fled to the watering places, where the additional rates of living might give a poignancy to their remarks on the "hard times," and where the Chancellor of the Exchequer might learn, that, while they complained of any taxes which he might impoſe, they had no objection to every other ſpecies of impoſition.

It is this habit of turning every thing *out* of the *thoughts*, and *into converſation*, which renders the office of prime-miniſter tolerably eaſy; he knows that after the people have been allowed their full ſwing in talking, they will paſs on to another ſubject, and bury all former animoſities. I can remember the turbulent days of John Wilkes;—the country has never been ſo convulſed ſince; the metropolis never ſo outraged;—I then thought it *all talk*; I think ſo ſtill:—not an atom remains of the ſpirit, good or bad, which it excited. Every topic has its *day*. Now, indeed, topics croud ſo faſt upon us, that an *hour* is ſufficient. The balance of Europe muſt not take more time than that of a rope-dancer.

It may be ſaid, that *news* come ſo rapidly as to afford little time for reflection, if people were diſpoſed to indulge it. When people are really diſpoſed for reflection, they are ſeldom at a loſs for time. But there is ſome truth in the rapid occurrence of news, and when we take into the account the many other articles of converſation which require to be kept up, it is wonderful how one poor head can ſupport the whole. What is doing in Italy muſt not divert us from the operations in Drury-lane; nor muſt the inconſtancy of a Ruſſian monarch interfere with the frailty of a nobleman's lady. What is doing in the court of Vienna may be worth talking about, but we muſt not forget the laſt damages given in the court of King's-Bench. The rapid motion of General Moreau may have its turn, but the Brighton races are valuable, from the croud they attracted, and the ſport they afforded. Even in humble life, the election of a Pope muſt go halves with the chooſing of a conſtable; and I know that Lady ——, who is extremely anxious for the ſafety of her

ſon

ſon who went out with the expedition, has never ceaſed to talk of the Counteſs of ——'s rout, which was ſpitefully fixed for the ſame night as her own.

A friend of mine who has peruſed theſe lines propoſes, that in order to give time for *thinking*, a total ſtop ſhould be put to newſpapers for a week. But, beſides the impracti-bility of this ſcheme, I am doubtful whether, if poſſible, it would anſwer the purpoſe. It could not interrupt *reports;* and, for all the uſes and ends of converſation, reports are as acceptable as authentic intelligence. Indeed, very much that paſſes under the latter title, belong rather to the former. And as to "ſtopping people's mouths," I conſider it as tantamount to annihilation, which is a very abſurd doctrine. Beſides, there is a convenience in *reports*, which my friend does not ſeem to be aware of, and that is, that in caſe of a ſcarcity, every man can manufacture his own, and draw upon his imagination for the deficiency of his intelligence.

Notwithſtanding I have hitherto ſtated that all the events of this mortal ſtate ſeem to be of no other uſe than as affording matter for converſation, inſtead of exciting that "ſerious thought and converſation," which divines and moraliſts recommend, I would not have it ſuppoſed that there are none who reflect upon this eventful period in a more uſeful manner, and who conſider thoſe ſtupendous revolutions in kingdoms and ſtates with an eye to him who is the great Governor of the World. I truſt there are many ſuch, and if it is not preſumption, I ſhould hope that what I have advanced may be a means of increaſing their number.

I am, Sir, your's,

A RECLUSE, *but no Monk.*

INTERESTING TRIALS.

OLD BAILEY SESSIONS.

FRIDAY, Sept. 19.

MARY CANNON was indicted for a highway robbery, in taking from the perſon of Edward Murphy a ſilver watch, on the 23d of Auguſt laſt.

Edward Murphy ſaid, he was going along a ſtreet that croſſes from Lewkner's Lane towards Holborn, on the 23d of Auguſt laſt, about eleven o'clock at night; he was met by the priſoner; he knew her perfectly well, having ſeen her ſe-

veral times; ſhe aſked him what o'clock it was? He had his little child in his hand; he put him by, took out his watch, and told her, and then returned his watch into his fob, on which ſhe laid hold of the ribbon, which was faſtened to it inſtead of a chain, and ſnatched it away from him at once; at the ſame moment a man came up, and aſked him what he had to do with the woman? and then knocked him down; upon which the woman, with whom the proſecutor was then ſtruggling, took the opportunity of running away. It was a very dark night. He ſaw and apprehended the priſoner on the Sunday morning.

The watch was found the next day in the kennel hard by this place, by a ſoldier's wife, who gave it to her huſband, and who ſold it to a man at Deptford, for a guinea, and who afterwards produced it to the proſecutor, who ſwore to its being his, and ſaid his neceſſities had ſince made him pawn the caſe of it.

The priſoner ſaid that the proſecutor had been quarrelling and fighting with ſome of his own countrymen in the ſtreet, and ſhe went up to ſee what was the matter, and he accuſed her of ſtealing his watch.

Mr. Baron Hotham obſerved to the jury, that the fact of this woman having ſtolen the watch, was ſo proved as to be hardly diſputable, unleſs they diſbelieved the whole of the proſecutor's ſtory, which was not oppoſed by any evidence. The only doubt in the caſe was, "Whether this act of taking the watch, was a highway robbery or not?" In his opinion it was not, in point of law, a highway robbery. If the man had ſtruggled with the woman before ſhe had got poſſeſſion of the watch, and at the inſtant ſhe was pulling it out of his fob, and ſhe had by force taken it in the ſtruggle, that would have amounted to a highway robbery; the act of taking by force would have been then compleat; but as he did not ſtruggle with her till ſhe had the watch in her poſſeſſion, it was not an act compleat in the ſenſe or meaning of highway robbery. It was a ſnatch, and is like the ſnatching a hat off one's head, or bundle under the arm, on the ſudden, before any reſiſtance is made; and that had been held, in point of law, not to amount to highway robbery, although there was no doubt at all of its being felony.

The jury, after ſome deliberation, found the priſoner—Not Guilty.

Mr. Baron Hotham.—"You have had a very narrow eſcape."

CLERKENWELL SESSIONS.

FRIDAY, September 19.

ANDREW MITCHELL was brought to the bar, and charged with ſtealing from the hot-houſe of Mr. Fraſer, at Heſton, in the county of Middleſex, ſeveral foreign exotic plants, which were ſtated in the indictment to be of the value of ten-pence.

This action was extremely intereſting, and of conſiderable importance. It appeared, from the evidence on the part of the proſecution, that Mitchell was head gardener to Mr. Frazer; that in February or March laſt he deſired the under gardener, Chapman, to carry two pots of Amaryllis Formoſiſſima, and two pots of other exotics, to a perſon of the name of Dighton, who is a market gardener, and who has alſo the care of the pleaſure-grounds of a Mr. Child, near Heſton; that about two months ago ſome diſpute took place between young Mr. Fraſer and Mitchell; that the former had ſeen Chapman carrying away the exotics, and that when the diſpute took place he told his father the circumſtance, who immediately queſtioned Chapman on the ſubject. He heſitated at firſt; but by Mitchell's own deſire he afterwards told the whole tranſaction, and that he had acted by Mitchell's orders. Mitchell on being charged with the fact, at once confeſſed it, and at the ſame time juſtified his conduct by ſtating that it was the cuſtom of all gardeners, and that gardens could not be kept in order without its being allowed. Chapman ſtated that he had brought nothing from Dighton in return for theſe exotics except a few cabbage-plants and ſome cucumber-plants, which were applied to the uſe of Mr. Fraſer.

Mr. Fraſer depoſed, that he conſidered the plants as ſcarce and valuable; that he had never granted any liberty to his gardener to diſpoſe of any plants reared in his hot-houſes or gardens; that he would never have ſuffered ſuch a thing; that it was the buſineſs of his gardener to raiſe cabbage and cucumber-plants, and that if he neglected to do ſo, it was his own fault, and that he was bound to procure them.

The defence made was, not that theſe plants were not taken and diſpoſed of in the manner ſpecified in the indictment, but that it was the practice of all gentlemen's gardeners to accommodate each other in a ſimilar manner; and they did this openly and without ſuſpicion that it was wrong, and that

therefore the offence charged in the indictment could not be a felony as it was laid in that indictment to be.

Dighton, the gardener, to whom these plants were given, stated, that he had received them; that he gave no money for them; that he gave nothing to Mitchell personally, but considered the act merely as an act of friendship and good neighbourhood; that from the time at which Mr. Fraser came to Heston he had been in the habit of having similar transactions with all his gardeners; and that he was sure that he had given Mr. Fraser's gardeners more than equal value of plants of different kinds than ever he had received from them; that he had always understood this mutual exchange to be allowed to gardeners by gentlemen when they entrusted them with the management of their gardens; that as to the value of these plants, they were now become common, and, comparatively, of small value; that the Chinese plant which had been most insisted on, threw out such a number of shoots that it could not be scarce; that it was easily reared, and that last week he had thrown away more than a hundred plants of it.

—— Stewart, gardener to Mr. Angerstein at Blackheath, stated, that it was the universal practice of all gentlemen's gardeners to accommodate each other in the manner that Mitchell and Dighton had done; that many gentlemen allowed it; that he knew Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Angerstein, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Hibbert to be among this number; that as to the value of the plants, he was sure that a pot of cucumber-plants in February would sell, were it to be bought, at double the price that any of the plants given by Mitchell to Dighton would bring at the same season.

Mr. Mainwaring, the Chairman, asked this witness to specify any instance in which Sir Joseph Banks's gardener had disposed of plants without his master's permission.—The witness said, he knew of no instance of this, but that he knew that Sir Joseph Banks had given plants to other gentlemen.

He was then asked to specify any instance in which a gentleman gave his gardener a general permission to act in this manner.—He mentioned Mr. Angerstein, and Mr. Hibbert of Clapham; and added, that when gentlemen wished to preserve the shoots of plants, or to rear as many as possible of them, they prohibited their gardeners from giving away any of them; and when such a prohibition is made, he, for his part, most assuredly would not give away any. But the general practice is, to exchange the surplus of one article

with another who wants it for his ſurplus of another, and the exchange is in general diſcretionary with the gardener.

There were ten other gardeners to prove the ſame fact, but the court was of opinion that it was unneceſſary to call them, as the practice would not the leſs be felony becauſe it was general, and as the cuſtom was ſufficiently proved to go in mitigation of puniſhment.

Mr. Mainwaring, in ſumming up the evidence, ſtated it clearly as his opinion that the fact was proved, and that the priſoner ought to be brought in guilty of felony, as, except ſome reſtraint were laid upon ſervants diſpoſing of their maſter's property, no part of it could be ſecure; the butler might diſpoſe of the wine and the coachman of the horſes, as he imagined that another butler or coachman needed them; the gardener, inſtead of plants and flowers, might chuſe to give away choice fruits or fruit-trees, and the maſter might thus be defrauded to a great extent. At the ſame time, as the man did not ſeem to have acted from bad motives, as his conduct was ſanctioned by cuſtom, and as he might be ignorant that he was acting contrary to law, the ſentence of the court would be as mild as poſſible upon him, ſhould he be found guilty.—But if after this any perſon ſhould be brought before the court for a ſimilar offence, it would be their duty to inflict a much ſeverer puniſhment.

The jury found the priſoner Guilty, and the court ſentenced him to one month's impriſonment.

HISTORY *of* ST. STEPHEN's CHAPEL.

THERE is no contemplation that imparts a higher degree of ſatisfaction and delight, than that which preſents to the mind images of ancient and departed ſplendour. Who can behold the remains of the once magnificent cities of Palmyra and Byzantium, without experiencing the moſt lively emotion? The palaces of monarchs long ſince deceaſed, and the ſacred temples of Heaven mouldering to duſt, or perverted from the original purpoſes for which they were reared, impart to the contemplative mind an awful leſſon on the mutability of human grandeur.

If reſearches like theſe are the ſource of the moſt legitimate ſentiments that can elevate the mind of man, it cannot but be extremely gratifying to our curious, as well as philoſophic readers, if we preſent them with a brief account of that celebrated building, in which the Commons of England have

have long held their ſittings. Whatever tends to elucidate the hiſtory and antiquities of a place where the deſtinies of millions are decided, needs no apology for preſenting it to the public.

The royal palace, at Weſtminſter, is admitted to have been built by Rufus; but it appears by Stowe, who is a very accurate chronicler, that the religious ſtructure called the Collegiate Chapel of Weſtminſter, was erected by King Stephen, in honour of St. Stephen, the protomartyr. King Edward the Firſt ſeems to have re-built it, for in the 20th year of his reign, on the 28th of April, 1292, the works of the new chapel, at Weſtminſter, were begun, and were continued for more than a period of two years. An account of the expences of theſe operations, and the amount of the weekly payments, are preſerved in rolls ſtill remaining in the Exchequer. Theſe curious rolls contain the articles purchaſed within the week, and the daily payments of the workmen of every denomination. The firſt roll is that entitled—*Primus Rotulus de operationibus, primo factis pro Capellâ Stephani in palatio Weſtmonaſterio. In honore Dei, beatæ Mariæ Virginis, & beati Stephani incipiente. Rotulus de miſſis & expenſis factis circa fundamentum Capellæ Regis in ſuo Palatio apud Weſtmonaſterio per manus Magiſtri Michaelis de Cantuaria Cementarii videlicet a die lunæ proximo poſt feſtum Sanctæ Mariæ Evangeliſti viceſſimo octavo, die menſis Aprilis, anno Regni Regis Edwardi, filii Regis Henrici, viceſſimo.* The ſeveral articles bought are then ſtated—then follow the payments of the workmen; they are too minute to be here enumerated—but theſe are apparent.

It appears that the pay of the carpenters was 5d. a day, that of the other workmen 3½d. ſome 3d. and others only 2½d.

Although the weekly expences were but trifling, the amount of the whole muſt have been conſiderable, from the length of time employed in completing the building. Whether Edward the Firſt completed it or not, we are uninformed; but if he did, it ſhould ſeem that his labours proved abortive, for we are informed by the ſame accurate chronicler, Stowe, that, on the 29th of March, 1298, a vehement fire being kindled in the leſſer hall of the King's Palace, the flames thereof, being driven by the wind, fired the monaſtery adjoining the palace, and conſumed the whole together.

The building was not reſtored during this reign—In fact, the wars in which Edward I. was engaged in Scotland, neither allowed him time to renew his labours, nor had he wealth

ſufficient

ſufficient to beſtow on ſuch a work; and in the weak and turbulent reign of Edward II. it was not likely it ſhould have been undertaken; but in the ſucceeding reign it appears again to have engaged the royal attention.

On the 27th of May, 1330, in the 4th of Edward III. the works were again commenced.

The Comptroller's Rolls for three years of that period are preſerved in the King's Remembrancer's Office. They are entitled, *Nova Capella Sancti Stephani infra Palatium.*

Among other things, there is an item—"To John Dene, merchant, of Caen, for 400 ſtones of Caen, called goblets, for the new chapel of St. Stephen."—The charge is at the rate of 4l. per hundred.

It is evident the chapel was not finiſhed for ſeveral years afterwards; for we find it recited in a charter of 22d Edward III. that he had then completed the rebuilding of the chapel which his predeceſſor, King Stephen, had firſt erected to the honour of Almighty God, the bleſſed Virgin Mary, and to the memory of Saint Stephen; and he ordains it thenceforth to be a collegiate chapel, and ſettles liberal endowments on it.

This charter is preſerved in the Tower of London; it is in Latin; and the motives which induced King Edward III. to rebuild and endow the chapel, are expreſſed with peculiar elegance and neatneſs. Our limits will not allow us to give it; but the curious reader will find it in Rymer's Federa, or in Sir William Dugdale's Monaſticon.

It appears, that even in the 24th Edward III. it was not completely finiſhed; for, ſubſequent to that period, there is an appointment to Hugh de St. Albans, maſter of the painters for the works, authoriſing him to chuſe as many painters as he could find in Middleſex, Eſſex, Kent, Surrey, and Suſſex, to finiſh the decorations.

There is alſo a like appointment to John Atheln to procure painters in various other counties.

In the 27th Edward III. there was another appointment to William de Walſingham to procure more painters and workmen.

On the 1ſt of January, 1353, Edward III. granted to the Dean and Canons of the Collegiate Chapel a ſpot of ground extending to the Thames, whereon to build cloiſters. He alſo made a grant of ſeveral houſes in the neighbourhood, and he veſted ſeveral manors for the endowment of the college in John Duke of Lancaſter, as truſtee.

He alſo erected a *clochard*, or bell-tower, for the uſe of the college, and placed three great bells in it.

It appears that Canons uſed to have their habitations in the cloiſters.

Dr. John Chambers, the laſt Dean, built a cloiſter of curious workmanſhip, the expence of which was eleven thouſand marks.

The College of St. Stephen was valued at its ſuppreſſion at 1085l. 10s. 5d. and was ſurrendered in the firſt year of Edward VI. A liſt of the Deans and Canons may be ſeen in Newcourt's Repertorium.

The chapel of St. Stephen was ſoon afterwards fitted up for the meeting of the Houſe of Commons, which had before uſually aſſembled in the Chapel-houſe of the Abbey of Weſtminſter; and it has ſince continued to be appropriated to the ſame uſe to the preſent time.

A new Method of preſerving Butterflies and Moths.

THIS method conſiſts in fixing the plumage of the wings on paper, ſo as to ſhew both their upper and under ſides, without injuring the colour.

The cement made uſe of is prepared in the following manner: to a thick, clear, and colourleſs ſolution of gum Arabic, in cold diſtilled water, add a little alum and common ſalt, to take off its luſtre when dry. This fluid, when thinly ſpread on ſtiff writing paper, is capable of detaching with great eaſe, and fixing without injury, the plumage of the wings of butterflies that are applied to it; theſe, however, ought to be freſh, in order to ſucceed completely. The mode of operating is to double a half ſheet of ſtiff paper, and on one ſide of the fold to cover with the cement, by means of a ſhort camel hair bruſh, a ſpace equal to the ſize of the butterfly. The inſect is to be gently laid on the cement with a pair of pincers, and on the correſponding part of the other fold an equal ſpace is to be covered with the cement: the paper being now doubled, and gently preſſed with the palm of the hand, is to be laid in a few ſheets of ſoft paper, and ſubjected for a few minutes to the moderate action of a common preſs; open the paper carefully, and take off, with the point of a penknife, the membranous part of the wings, and on the oppoſite ſides of the paper will be found the upper and under ſurface of the wings in all their brilliancy: the feet and body ſhould

be

be repreſented by an accurate copy of the original, and then the inſect is complete, and may be preſerved in this ſtate many years without material injury.

Columbus, not Amerigo Veſpucci, the Diſcoverer of America.

NOT long after America had been found out by Columbus, Amerigo Veſpucci, a Florentine gentleman, accompanied a certain navigator thither. In what ſtation he ſerved is uncertain, but as he was an experienced ſailor, and eminently ſkilful in all the ſciences ſubſervient to navigation, he muſt have acquired ſome authority among his companions, for they willingly allowed him to have a chief ſhare in directing their operations during the voyage. Soon after his return, he tranſmitted an account of his adventures and diſcoveries to one of his countrymen, and labouring with the vanity of a traveller to magnify his own exploits, he had the addreſs and confidence to frame his narrative ſo, as to make it appear that he had the glory of having firſt diſcovered the continent in the New World.

Amerigo's account was drawn up not only with art but with ſome elegance. It contained an amuſing hiſtory of his voyage, and judicious obſervations upon the natural productions, the inhabitants, and the cuſtoms of the countries which he had viſited. As it was the firſt deſcription of any part of the New World that was publiſhed, a performance ſo well calculated to gratify the paſſion of mankind, for what is new and marvellous, circulated rapidly, and was read with admiration. The country of which Amerigo was ſuppoſed to be the diſcoverer, came, gradually, to be called by his name. The caprice of mankind, often as unaccountable as unjuſt, has perpetuated this error. By the univerſal conſent of nations, America is the name beſtowed on this new quarter of the globe.

The bold pretenſions of a fortunate impoſtor have robbed the diſcoverer of the New World of a diſtinction which belonged to him.

The name of Amerigo has ſupplanted that of Columbus, and mankind may regret an act of injuſtice, which, having received the ſanction of time, it is now too late to redreſs.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN Reinhold Forſter returned from England, he had ſcarcely been a few hours in a great trading town of the north of Germany, when he was invited to dinner by a rich merchant, celebrated for his knowledge and beneficence. He went there, and was aſtoniſhed at the princely luxury he ſaw. The following morning he called upon the merchant again, told him, full of confidence, that he was in a great perplexity, and entreated him to advance him two hundred dollars, that he and his family might be able to continue their journey. "I find your demand very ſingular," replied the merchant, and I know you too little, Sir, to truſt you with money." "But yeſterday," cried Forſter, "you ſpent three times as much in a banquet, and to day you refuſe to draw an honeſt man, with his wife and children, from the moſt preſſing embarraſſment by a trifle!" The merchant at laſt gave him half the ſum he aſked.

Anſwer, by J. B. M. of Wareham, to W. Harris's Charade, inſerted June 23.

I Think your lines do plainly ſhew
WHEAT-EAR's the bird you had in view.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, and R. Thomas, of Exeter; M. P. of Briſtol; W. Bickham, jun. of Caſtle Cary; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; Philom. of Teingmouth; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; R. Champion, near Caſtle Cary; and J. Field, of Staverton.

Anſwer, by R. Andrews, of Kingſbridge, to J. Collins's Charade, inſerted June 30.

A MATCH is equal I preſume,
And for inferior—LESS aſſume;
Theſe parts when join'd have always made
What doth explain the whole charade.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. R. Toulmin; R. Thomas, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; and William Rennels, of Barnſtaple.

A CHARADE, *by W. England, of Lyme.*

WHEN Mars has ſtrew'd with human gore the plain,
And deſolation waves her angry ſpear,
My firſt is ſeen among the mangled ſlain,
And adds but horror to the liſtening ear.

My ſecond ſtands expos'd to angry ſkies,
And yields the feeble fight its friendly aid:
Judicious youths, theſe parts if you deviſe,
A Britiſh town will ſurely be diſplay'd.

A REBUS, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

SPONTANEOUS hymns of gratitude ſhould flow
From ev'ry human tongue for bleſſings given;
Then let my firſt, who've felt diſtreſs and woe,
With grateful hearts repeat their thanks to Heav'n.

Nay let us all our benefactors bleſs,
And praiſe his name, who deals with lib'ral hand—
Who crowns my uſeful ſecond with ſucceſs,
And pours abundance o'er a ſinful land.

Upheld and govern'd by his mighty power,
Succeſſively the varied ſeaſons roll;
Then may my ſpacious third his name adore,
E'en from the equator to each frozen pole.

When I o'er nature's works attentive gaze,
Or raiſe my contemplative thoughts above,
And view the countleſs worlds my next diſplays,
I'm fill'd with awe, aſtoniſhment, and love!

The inquiring ſage, who courts the ſilent hour,
And lifts my next to aid his wond'ring eyes,
Diſcovers millions undiſcern'd before,
Darting their glories from remoter ſkies.

And while in perfect harmony they ſeem
To move around this ſublunary ball,
They, in expreſſive ſilence ſing of him
Who is the Author and the End of All.

Come ye, my laſt, and join this radiant choir,
Proclaim his goodneſs with unfeigned hearts;
And evermore his boundleſs love admire
Who with unſparing hand my whole imparts.

POETRY.

APOSTROPHE *to an* ANCIENT TREE.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

WHERE thy broad branches brave the bitter north,
Like rugged, indigent, unheeded worth,
Lo! vegetation's guardian hands emboſs
Each giant limb with fronds of ſtudded moſs,
That clothes the bark in many a fringed fold
Begemm'd with ſcarlet ſhields, and cups of gold,
Which to the wildeſt winds their webs oppoſe,
And mock the arrowy ſleet or weltering ſnows.

But to the warmer weſt the woodbine fair
With taſſels that perfum'd the ſummer air,
The mantling clematis, whoſe feathery bowers
Wav'd in feſtoons with nightſhade's purple flowers,
The ſilver weed, whoſe corded fillets wove
Round thy pale rind, even as deceitful love,
Of mercenary beauty would engage
The dotard fondneſs of decrepit age;
All theſe, that during ſummer's halcyon days
With their green canopies conceal'd thy ſprays,
Are gone for ever; or diſfigur'd, trail
Their ſallow relicts in the autumnal gale;
Or o'er thy roots, in faded fragments toſt,
But tell of happier hours, and ſweetneſs loſt!

Thus in fate's trying hour, when furious ſtorms
Strip ſocial life of pleaſure's fragile forms,
And awful juſtice, as his rightful prey
Tears luxury's ſilk and jewell'd robe away,
While reads adverſity her leſſon ſtern,
And fortune's minions tremble as they learn;
The crowds around her gilded car that hung,
Bent the lithe knee, and troul'd the honey tongue.
Deſponding fall, or fly in pale deſpair;
And ſcorn alone remembers that they were.

Not ſo integrity; unchang'd he lives
In the rude armour conſcious honour gives,
And dares with hardy front the troubled ſky,
In honeſty's unimjur'd panoply.
Ne'er on proſperity's enfeebling bed
Or roſy pillows he repos'd his head,
But given to uſeful arts, his ardent mind
Has ſought the general welfare of mankind;
To mitigate their ills his greateſt bliſs,
While ſtudying them has taught them what he is;
He, when the human tempeſt rages worſt,
And the earth ſhudders as the thunders burſt,
Firm, as thy northern blaſt, is rooted faſt,
And if he can't avert, endures the blaſt.

The

The BEECH TREE's PETITION.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OH! leave this barren ſpot to me!
Spare, woodman, ſpare the beechen tree!
Tho' buſh or flow'ret never grow
My dark, unwarming ſhades below;
Nor ſummer bud perfume the dew,
Or roſy bluſh or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of autumn, bloſſom-born,
My green and gloſſy leaves adorn;
Nor murm'ring tribes from me derive
Th' ambroſial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren ſpot to me—
Spare, woodman, ſpare the beechen tree!

Thrice twenty ſummers I have ſeen
The ſky grow bright, the foreſt green,
And many a wintry wind have ſtood
In bloomleſs, fruitleſs ſolitude,
Since childhood, in my pleaſant bow'r,
Firſt ſpent its ſweet and ſportive hour—
Since youthful lovers in my ſhade
Their vows of truth and rapture paid,
And on my trunk's ſurviving frame
Carv'd many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the ſighs of gentle ſound
Firſt breath'd upon this ſacred ground—
By all that love hath whiſper'd here,
Or beauty heard with raviſh'd ear,
As love's our altar, honour me—
And ſpare, Oh ſpare the beechen tree!

An ADDRESS.

DEAR object of each fond deſire,
That love's ſoft pleaſing pains inſpire;
Source of each thought my ſoul can know,
Of all my joy and all my woe.

Dear maid! of every charm poſſeſt,
That wounds the captive gazer's breaſt;
That o'er my ſoul ſoft fetters ſteal,
And prompt each pang my boſom feels.

For whom, in anxious, doubtful fear,
I heave the ſigh, and ſhed the tear;
Who in this heart thy form might ſee,
Which pants alone, my love, for thee!

Canſt thou, my lovely charmer, ſay
No feelings in my boſom play?
That cold and dead my paſſions move,
Averſe to thee, unknown to love?

Alas! too wild, without controul,
The paſſions riot in my ſoul;
And too, too fondly for its eaſe,
My heart can feel thy powers to pleaſe.

T.